

ESTABLISHED
JUNE 2, 1881.
It has the largest
bona fide circulation
of any Afro-
American journal
published at the
Capital.

The

Washington

Bees

The Bee
Great Advertising Medium
TRY IT!
Do you want re-
liable news?
Do you want a
fearless race ad-
vocate?
Do you want col-
ored trade?
Read and adver-
tise in THE BEE!

L. XII

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 28th, 1894.

NO. 34.

CURBSTONE CHIT AND CHAT.

The News of the City Dished Up for
The Bee Readers.

PERSONAL POINTS POINTEDLY PUT.

Home News and Events Transpired
Since our Last Issue—Other
Matters Worthy of Careful Con-
sideration.

Editor James V. Ross is in Eleon,
Tenn.

Miss Mamie Hill of the recorders
office has been sick.

Marcellus West has a new candi-
date for convention honors. It is hard
that his candidate should die a natural
death.

Dr. J. R. Francis has taken charge
of the Freedmen's hospital.

Hon. James C. Matthews of Albany,
New York was in the city this week,
the guest of Mrs. Moten on 4th street.

The book of Hon. B. K. Bruce on
the race problem will be a great litera-
ry effort.

The new jail warden is not a negro
lover.

Judge Kimball is the only republican
judge who has any respect and feelings
for negro criminals.

Hon. C. H. J. Taylor left the city this
week.

The district democrats will have a
negro recorder.

Dr. Geo. W. Bryant delivered a fine
address before the Salem Lyceum last
Saturday.

Wanson Robinson is very sick at his
home on R street n. w.

Public Printer Benedict will be con-
firmed.

Judge Miller had to adjourn court
Wednesday on account of the illness of
his brother.

Candidates for membership in the
first Baptist Ministers Conference
should be regular graduates of some
reputable theological school. The con-
ference should modify their constitu-
tion so as to fully carry this all impor-
tant code into immediate effect. Con-
ference is gradually being made the
dumping ground of unfortunate illu-
strates, and "A stitch in time saves
nine."

Go and enjoy a Grand Musical at
the Ladies' Guilds Church at the 3rd
Baptist Church, corner 5th and Q sts.
n. w., Thursday Evening May 17th,
1894. A drama, which will be composed
of several young ladies of the High
School, promises to be a concert of it-
self. Several talented and distinguish-
ed singers will make their appearance.
Music furnished by the Capital City
Band. Doors open at 7 o'clock p. m.
Exercises 8 o'clock sharp. Admission
adults 50 cents. All school children 15
cents.

FASHION NOTES.

Jackets and tailor suits of white and
printed pique or French welts will be
stylish, but they are very warm in re-
ality though cool in appearance.

Do not put cherry with grass green.
Have a crush collar and belt of black
moire, yoke and epaulettes of white lace
to subdue the vivid green. Certainly
you may wear it to the theatre.

Get a changeable brown and blue or
green silk to combine with the golden
brown faille, using the new material for
a vest, short, wide revers, crush collar
and panels on the skirt, as the latter
should be three and one-half to four
yards wide.

Instead of a blue China silk for a
June traveling gown have a light-
weight cheviot, tweed or mohair of
navy blue in a two-toned or mixed ef-
fect, and line with thin, French percale-
line. Trim with short, wide (Director)
revers and crush collar of black
moire.

No matter what is recommended as a
sart binding nothing will outwear
good velvetine, except leather, which
is used in England sometimes by wo-
men's tailors.

You cannot combine black and
brown silks together to form a gown.
Use the black silk for a skirt to wear
over a daisies with, and keep the brown
silk to form a lighter shade of black-
ette for a mixture flowing from it.

The paper patterned houses are certain-
ly not in advance of the season's style.
Cotton waists and regulars, and more
shirts will be much worn by young
and elderly ladies as far as waists are
concerned, and the young only can
suitably appear in the skirts.

Have a good sized four yards wide
with good back—this to remain in-
trinned, large, mutton-leg sleeves,
round waist, sleeve ruffles or epaulettes
of white guipure lace, and belt of lace
insertion above a circular black piece;
add a crush collar of lace or silk.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL WORLD.

Sat. Some of the boys had to foot it
home in the rain, those who were more
fortunate, financially, took the vehicles.
All in all it was the finest of the fin-
est.

"The Happy state of the Christian's
Life" was Dr. Jennifer's subject Sunday
morning at the Metropolitan A. M. E.
church; at 7.30 he preached the closing
sermon of this conference year. Acts 20:
32.

The pastor of Asbury A. M. E. church
occupied the pulpit, both morning
and evening. At 11 a. m. he gave
Junior mat. at 4 p. m. Senior at 6.30 p.
m. Attendance good.

Rev. F. M. Hamilton preached at Is-
rael Metropolitan C. M. E. church, 3.30
p. m. a quarterly Love feast was held.

R. C. O. Benjamin preached an able
sermon last Sunday night to a packed
house. This shows what a young man
with ability can do.

Rev. Bishop Johnson, pastor of the
2nd Baptist church, preached the third
of his series of sermons on "Job the Pa-
triarch" subject: "Jobs comforters."

The drawing card of the day was
a speech by Hon. C. H. J. Taylor, sub-
ject: "Which is the more vexatious, the
White Problem or the Black Problem?"
The elegant manner in which he in-
terested the audience is more than a
fair proof of his ability to successfully
manage the affairs of, not only the Re-
cordership, but, any office.

The colored Press stands solid for his
support, and last, but not least, that grand
old Emperor of Ciceronian tongue,
Frederick Douglass, the maker and
savior of his race, in his address on
emancipation D. Y. urged his speedy
consummation.

W. A. Credit, A. M. pastor of the
Berean Baptist church, occupied the
pulpit both morning and evening. His
subject in the morning was, "The
Foundation of Life" and at night, "The
extremity of a desperate man" was
haunted in a very dexterous manner.
Rev. W. S. Montgomery addressed the
Berean meeting at 4 p. m.

Rev. J. H. Pryor of Pittsburgh oc-
cupied the pulpit at Salem Baptist church
at 11 a. m. At 3 p. m. Rev. G.
Bryant, M. D., a man of great oratorical
ability, addressed the Lyceum,
while at night Rev. H. J. Earle
preached.

Rev. Walter Brooks D. D. pastor of
19th St. Baptist church preached at 11 a.
m. from the first chapter of Exodus
first 14 verses, in his usual eloquence.

Rev. I. V. Bryant occupied his pul-
pit at the usual hours.

Rev. J. Anderson Taylor of Shiloh
Baptist church took for his subject, last
Sunday night, "A Religion of Principles."
In the morning Rev. Dr. Bryant
preached. Attendance large.

Rev. H. C. Robinson, pastor of First
Baptist church, S. W. held a sunrise
prayer meeting. Rev. Jas. Lee of the
third Baptist church preached at 11 a.
m. Rev. W. H. Gibbons discoursed at 3 p.
m. Rev. W. P. Gibbons raised the col-
lection. At night a large crowd assem-
bled to hear Rev. Jacob Robinson of
Virginia.

On account of the absence of Rev. Jas.
Lee, the pastor of Third Baptist church,
preaching was thrown aside and the
Home Mission meeting held.
The Sunday school Lyceum at 3.30 p.
m. was very instructive, two papers be-
ing read, one by Miss Grace Sherman
and the other by Mr. C. W. Johnson.
At night the pastor occupied the pul-
pit.

Rev. A. W. Shields M. D. preached
in the morning to a large congregation
at Va Avenue Baptist church. Dr.
Shields is a very bright man and at
times is eloquent. Rev. F. J. Huston
of Indiana occupied the pulpit at 7.30.
Mr. Huston is a ready talker. Rev.
Williams' "The Black Aloud" preached
an evangelistic sermon on Tuesday
night and caused the spirit to move.

Last Friday night the Metropolitan
church at St. between 15th and 16th
streets was the scene of unusual activi-
ty. Beautiful women and handsome
men could be seen hurrying to the "Ori-
ent" which was a magnificent success.
The "elites of society" were there in
full bloom. Everything passed off
gaily. During the exercises a ter-
rible thunder storm came up and was
to the young man in his new spring
coat.

Last Sabbath Rev. G. H. White of
South Carolina occupied Dr. Gibbons
pulpit at Mt. Carmel Baptist church
and preached from the text, "Saviors
Love." The pastor, Rev. Gibbons oc-
cupied the pulpit and took for his sub-
ject, "Fidelity." It was a special ser-
mon to the Queen Deborah Circle.
No. 3 Ancient Order of Daughters of
Jerusalem. The Dr. seemed to be in
all his ministerial glory and preached
the best sermon of his life. On Mon-
day morning some admiring friends of
Fitzhugh sent him by express some
very useful birthday remembrances.

"The Baptist Herald" Rev. W. A.
Credit, editor, will be issued the first
Saturday in May. It will be the mouth-
piece of the Baptists of the District of
Columbia and a light in the religious
world which we hope will grow
dim. Dr. Credit in speaking of his
paper grew very eloquent and away
the audience at will, great was his orator-
ical.

THEY SAY.



Mathews was in the city this week.

He had the politicians guessing.

Mathews talks but little and writes
none.

Money is what the people want.

Coxy has got Congress worried
and the District authorities uneasy.

The Commissioners certainly pub-
lished a weak proclamation.

It was a play upon words and not
ing more.

Coxy and his army are not both-
ered.

Be honest if you want to succeed.

Taylor will be recorder of deeds.

Dr Bryant is making a great deal
of headway with his new organization.

Great men will be remembered.

Small men often do great things.

It is often by mistake.

No man is perfect.

Why should we expect more of
others than we do of ourselves.

Be careful how you speak.

Speak gently and kindly to your
foes.

A gentle woman is a jewel.

Kindness will do us no harm.

Mr. Cleveland will appoint a colored
recorder of deeds.

Go to the Philadelphia House if
you want good meals.

The Holmes House is doing busi-
ness at the old stand.

Robert Keys is doing a first class
grocery business on 3rd st. s. w.

Mathews of Albany has got the
boys worried.

They don't understand his visi-
here.

Be on the alert.

Judge Cole is severe on criminals.

Is a long sentence and a large fine
always necessary?

Small fines will do as much good
as large ones will.

Spring time has come again.

Let us have peace.

Peace is for us all.

THE NEW CHIEF.

Dr. John R. Francis, who has been
designated Surgeon in Charge of the
Freedmen's Hospital is making a fine
executive officer.

Dr. Francis knows just what to do
and just how to do it. There is a pop-
ular feeling of appreciation on the part
of the people over this appointment and
Secretary Smith is being highly praised
by the people.

AFTER THE PARADE.

There were lively scenes in court on
Tuesday morning, April 17.

The attention of the court was called
to those who violated the law on em-
ancipation day.

The parade was a complete failure,
but the attendance at court was
usually large. Judge Kimball was
in an excellent mode, while he imposed
fines on those who did not behave them-
selves on Monday, he allowed at least
two thirds, time to pay their fines.

Some who had left their service
places to participate in the festive-
ties of the day and had fell in the
clutches of the law told some very pit-
iful tales. The court took their ex-
cuses and weighed them and then gave
one and two weeks to pay them.

The court generally knows who to
trust.

The court keeps the books, which re-
leaves the clerk of the heavy respon-
sibility of bookkeeping. If your account
has not been balanced since your last
arrest, your credit in court is bad.

The court very seldom take stock
of the installment plan. You can have
days of grace if your excuse is well
formed. It must, however, be backed
up with sufficient evidence.

THOSE WICKED WOMEN.

They Have a Game of Poker and One
Loses Her New Bonnet.

"Never again," said a pretty little
matron to me yesterday, "never again.
I've played cards for money for the
last time."

"What's the matter?" I inquired.
"Oh, Polly, it's awful—simply awful.
I just know how those dukes and
barons feel when they stake their fam-
ily estates and horses and carriages
and things at one turn of the card-
and lose."

"Why, what have you been doing?"

quered I. "Surely you've not chipped
away the money for your dressmaker's
bill in penny ante, have you?"

"No, not so bad as that," replied she,
"but almost. Charley gave me \$15
yesterday to buy a bonnet, and I lost
every cent of it last night."

"Why, how could you do that?"

"It was all the fault of that Violet
Bates. She called last evening with
her fiancé and his sister, and, of
course, they wanted to play poker. I
declared this poker craze is something
awful. You can't go anywhere, unless
it is to church or the theatre, that you
don't hear the rattling of chips and
the shuffling of cards."

"Well, about this particular game?"

"Oh! well, it began at five-cent limit,
and before long the limit was raised
to a quarter."

"Why, you horrid little gamblers!"

"Yes, wasn't it awful, but I wouldn't
have lost so much if Viola hadn't acted
so meanly."

"I made a bet, and she raised me.
It wasn't the raise that annoyed me,
but there was an amused expression
on her face as much as to say: 'O, the
poor, silly girl doesn't know anything
about poker,' and that made me mad."

"So I raised her back, and then she
raised me, and we kept it up for ever
so long. I bought chips twice, and so
did she."

"Well, I hope you had a good hand."

"Oh, of course I did. I had one of
those things—oh, what do you call 'em
—where one card follows another?"

"Yes, that's it. Of course I wouldn't
lay that down, would you?"

"That depends."

"Well, any way, I didn't until I had
\$15 on the table, and then I didn't
think it would be fair to take any
more of her money, so I called her."

She said: "Two pairs." Well, of course
I reached for the money, and then she
meant thing said: "Hold on. Two pair
—of kings."

"Four of a kind?"

"Yes, that's just what she had. The
idea! I told her that she'd lost for
misbehavior, her hand, and she just
laughed and said that poker was a
showdown game—whatever horrid
thing that is—and took all the money.
I'll never speak to her again."

"And now I'll have to trim over one
of my old hats and make Charley think
I bought it."

"Well, dear, he'll never know the dif-
ference."

"Perhaps not. But every woman in
town will."—Sheffield Telegraph.

Trouble With a Cold.

"S'matter?"

"I got an awful cold," replied Col.
Morney.

"Have you?"

"Yes, I have. I have polished my
bronchial tubes with Collins Con-
sumption Coughs."

"No, but have you?"

"Yes! Course I have. I've had goose
grease rubbed all over my throat and
chest, and I've—"

"But, I say, hold on; have you?"

"I tell you there's nothing I haven't
tried. I took a hot bath, drank a pint
of boiling lemonade and rubbed my
side almost off with Mustang liniment,
but—"

"Now, listen! Have you?"

"Yes, I have. Tried them all, but
they're no good. Why, last night!"

"That's all right, but have you?"

"Have I what?"

"Have you time to go over to Flynn's
and have something?"

"Why the deuce didn't you talk sense
at the start?" responded the Colonel.

"I'm with you."

A Matter of Doubt.

He was in a sad plight when they
brought him into the house, shaking
from an involuntary ice water bath in
the skating pond.

"Johnny!" exclaimed his mother,
agitated. "Where have you been?"

"The boys went silent."

"Why don't you answer?"

"'Cause, m-mother, I can't exact-
ly say."

"Why not?"

"'Cause, I d-dunno whether I've
been skatin' or a-swimmin'."—Wash-
ington Star.

A Nice Graduation.

Not a very great many years ago an
old gentleman in Kentucky was met
by a friend who said:

"Well, Colonel, you dined with the
Governor yesterday; who was there?"

"Well, sir," replied the Colonel,
throwing back his head, digging his
hands deep in his trousers' pockets and
spreading wide his legs, "there was
me, sir, and beside myself there were
four other high-toned, elegant gentle-
men from Kentucky, a gentleman from
Virginia, two men from Ohio, a fellow
from New York and a son of a gun
from Boston, sir. Will you take a
drink, sir?"

M'SWAT IN HIS CASTLE.

He Heard a Midnight Noise and Proceed-
ed Bravely to Investigate.

"Hark! What's that?"
Mrs. McSwat sat up and listened.

"Biliger!" she exclaimed in a hoarse
whisper, shaking her snoring husband,
"I hear a noise!"

"Wh-wh-what? Where?" said Mr.
McSwat, waking. "What's the matter,
Lobelia?"

"Sh! Listen! There it is again! It's
downstairs, Biliger; somebody's in the
house!"

Biliger listened a moment.

She was right.

There was a noise downstairs—a
shuffling, stealthy kind of noise, as if
made by somebody who was unac-
quainted with the premises, and had
no business there.

He rose, dressed himself by thrust-
ing his feet in a pair of slippers and
pulling on a dressing gown. Then he
lighted a dark lantern he had pur-
chased for emergencies of this kind,
armed himself with a patent carpet
stretcher—one of the deadliest weapons
known to science—and turned to his
wife.

"Lobelia," he whispered huskily, "re-
main here! You can do no good. I
will meet this invader alone. But
stay! If there should be more than
one, he continued, "and you hear me
call out, you must come to the top of
the stairs and yell. Make all the noise
you can. It will convey the impres-
sion that we are expecting them and
are prepared."

With his dark lantern and the deadly
carpet stretcher he started slowly
down the stairway, coughing loudly as
he went.

Mrs. McSwat listened with eager-
ness. She could hear Biliger rasping
his terrible weapon against the balu-
trade and coughing with a violence
that increased every moment.

Presently the noises ceased. It was
evident that Biliger was searching the
house to slip upon the marauders un-
aware.

Then there was a wild yell.

Without waiting to assure herself
whether it came from Biliger or the
burglars, Mrs. McSwat seized a chair,
rattled to the head of the stairs, scream-
ing with all her might, tumbled the chair
down to the floor below, rushed back
for the washbowl and pitcher, sent
them flying after the chair, hurried
down a broom, another chair, a small
trunk, a bootjack and several other
articles of a portable nature that stood
or lay within reach, her voice ringing
out all the time in a series of wild
yells.

While the din was at its height Mr.
Biliger McSwat appeared at the foot
of the stairs.

"Lobelia!" he shouted, dodging nim-
bly as a towel rack flew past his head,
"what on earth do you mean by this
infernal racket? You've broken a hun-
dred dollars' worth of furniture and
routed the neighborhood! The police
and fire department will be here if you
don't stop!"

"Wasn't there any burglar, Biliger?"

asked Mrs. McSwat.

"Burglar!" snorted Biliger, climbing
over the ruins in the hallway and
bounding up the stairs three steps at
a time. "Burglar? No! It was only
the cat. Didn't you hear it screech
when I kicked it out of the parlor?"

Biliger explained contemptuously,
throwing the patent carpet stretcher
under the bureau, extinguishing the
dark lantern and crawling between the
sheets again. "Lobelia, if you hear
any more burglars or thieves or rob-
bers in this house to-night, and wake
me up again, there's going to be trou-
ble! Go to bed!"

And all the rest of the long, weary
night Lobelia lay abed, wide awake,
and listened to the deep, ceaseless
snoring of Mr. Biliger McSwat.—Chi-
cago Tribune.

A Shakespearean Suggestion.

Did the word "in" have in Shake-
spear's time the same meaning which
the slang phrase "in it" now has? In
"The Merchant of Venice" Act II,
Scene 2, Launcelot Gobbo says to Old
Gobbo, "Father, in." What this means
none of the Shakespearean critics or
commentators tell us, and as far as
I can find out, none of them profess
to be able to do so. If, however, "in"
be regarded as slang and as equiva-
lent to the modern slang phrase "in
it" (and Launcelot Gobbo is of slang
all compact), the difficulty of explain-
ing the passage vanishes at once, for
nothing could better fit the context
than to have Launcelot Gobbo, adopt-
ing the modern phrase, say to Old
Gobbo, "Father, I am 'in it.'"—Boston
Transcript.

Wanted the Best.

Salesman—Stove polish? Certainly.
What kind do you want, little girl?

Juvenile Customer (nonplussed for a
moment)—I've heard mamma say el-
bow-grease was the only thing that
would put a good shine on a stove.
Got any?—Chicago Tribune.

A Sure Sign.

"How can you be certain that it was
as late as 2 o'clock when Harry came
in last night?"

May—Because he stumbled over a
chair without swearing out loud.—
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In the School-Room.

"There is but one kind of rock that
grows," said the professor. "Can any
of you mention it?"

"

THE BEE.

Published every Saturday at 1100 I Street, northwest, Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington as second class mail matter.

W. CALVIN CHASE, Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy per year.....\$1.50
Six months.....1.00
Three months......50
City subscribers, monthly......20

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, one month.....\$1.00
Quarter column "......50
Half column "......75
One column ".....1.00
One inch, one year.....10.00
Quarter column ".....5.00
Half column ".....7.50
One column ".....10.00
Special notices 10 cents per line.
Ten lines constitute an inch.

A NEGRO IN THE WOOD PILE.

The influence of the local democracy touching President Cleveland's policy of rewarding the colored contingent seems unusually potent. That the office of the Recorder of Deeds is no more a local one than that of the warden of the jail, is perfectly clear and yet there seems to have been no objection to the appointment of an outsider to that position. In this latter case the appointee is a white man and consequently was not the subject of a vigorous opposition by the local democracy. Just why the Senate committee could discriminate between the two applicants, except upon the ground of color merely, is difficult for us to perceive. The absence of any other reason leads naturally to the conclusion that, notwithstanding Mr. Cleveland's friendly disposition towards his colored supporters, the Senate does not take kindly to the plan of rewarding colored democrats and hence opposes it by its prerogative of non-confirmation. It is certainly no credit to the leaders of the democratic party to accept the reliable service of influential colored men and as soon as the service is performed to turn their backs and give them the cold shoulder. Especially is it unfair to seek justification for non-confirmation behind the flimsy pretext of non-residence, when they have already satisfied themselves by confirming a non-resident. Moreover the local democracy are now pleading the baby act. They clamored for the present system of government which renders them political ciphers, in order to disfranchise the colored people. They have accepted this form of government and still accept it as the best that can be offered, in view of their prejudices and aims. They do not care to vote. They are perfectly willing to have the government take charge of the District, pay half its expenses and what not; but they whine and howl when the executive sees fit to place a colored man in charge of an office which they, by their self emasculation, yielded in consideration of negro political ridance. Should the President conclude to appoint a local colored man, it will be intensely amusing to see these same howlers squirm and equivocate. We have no special interest in the Recorder's office, except in seeing a good colored man appointed if for no other reason than to see the President's friendly policy carried out. Mr. Taylor is a good man and should be Recorder of Deeds and if not give us some other colored man.

JUDGE MILLER WILL SUCCEED HIMSELF.

Notwithstanding the secret opposition to the re-appointment of Judge Miller of the Police Court, by a few local democrats, the BEE has been reliably informed that the President sees no reason or cause at this time why Judge Miller should not be his own successor.

Judge Miller was first appointed by President Cleveland to succeed Hon. Wm. Snell and from the day of his appointment he has endeavored to be fair and just to all classes of citizens. Judge Miller has a remarkable memory and above all he is a judge of human nature and such a man is absolutely necessary to be a judge of either branch of the Police Court.

Judge Miller is unanimously indorsed by the members of the bar with but few exceptions.

COXEY IS COMING.

Notwithstanding the opposition of certain daily newspapers in this city Coxe and his true and tried braves are coming.

There is no cause to conjecture any longer.

It is an undisputed fact, the country is in an uneasy condition.

People are dissatisfied and if some thing is not done soon to satisfy the unemployed something will do.

THE BLUES AND THE GRAYS.

The time is not far off when the confederates will make an appeal to Congress to pension them for services rendered and wounds received in their attempt to overthrow one of the greatest republics in the world.

The scene at Birmingham, Ala., on the 26th of this month gives evidence of what we may expect in the near future.

Let the american negro draw object lessons from the daily occurrences that so often exist between the blues and the grays.

THOU SHOULD NOT KILL.

Within the last few days there have been many sad scenes on the part of condemned men who have been compelled to pay the penalty of the law.

There is no excuse for men who commit deliberate murder. The BEE is of the opinion if Capital punishment was abolished more murders would be committed. There should be something to hold men in check.

It is the fear of punishment that our Christian religion is more respected.

Laws violated by blows, must be by blood maintained.

THE NEGRO HIS OWN ENEMY.

A TIMELY ADDRESS.

Hon. C. H. J. Taylor, delivered a timely address before the 2nd Baptist Church Lyceum last Sabbath afternoon before a large audience. Among other things, Mr. Taylor said that just at present it seemed to be of more importance to learn what should be done with the white than what should be done with the black man. All men, considered, were of the same color and height in the sight of God. The visible difference in man was in the building which was called the body. In the face of this fact the intellectual forgot their kind. In no country except where Christianity prevailed were affected by color prejudice. There was no one who hated the man in black skin as did the black man himself. The negroes loved most were given him by white men. Hymns of the church originated among their own people were despised until they were taken up and beautified by a Sankey, and then, said Mr. Taylor, the colored people tumble over themselves to sing them. Nobility of character and learning went for naught among Christians in the case of negroes, and the speaker laid to the charge of religion, maintaining that churches made the American people what they are and that religion controls the country. If the church should attempt to stamp out color prejudice, he contended, it would be accomplished without bloodshed or injury to society. Such a religion was of Beliel, and until it was different every missionary should be called home from China and India and not a dollar should be expended in missionary projects in foreign countries until the ministers could practice what they preached. Christianity should everywhere oppose the doctrine of evolution.

Mr. Taylor scored Moody and Sankey, Sam Jones, Sam Sual, and all of their ilk for their conduct toward the negro. He denounced the negro also, and said that in every hotel where they were the habit of staying cosmetics and powders were on sale which were said to be able to make men white, and ointment to straighten the hair of negroes. In describing their sweethearts praised the hair and the complexion which approached nearest to those of white people rather than intellectual accomplishments. We have no reason to complain he said, until we take more pride in our own. Men estimate others by the opinion they have of themselves. What we want the religion of this country to do is to place the same value upon good blacks and good whites. Kink in the hair should be no disgrace. "Whatever wrongs the colored people suffer and whatever sorrows they have the church alone can relieve. Since God has no preference, His children should show none in their treatment of one another."

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY EXCURSIONS TO BALTIMORE.

The B. & O. will sell round trip tickets to Baltimore for all trains including the ROYAL BLUE FLYER, Saturday and Sunday, April 28th and 29th, at \$1.25. Good for return until following Monday.

CAPITOL SAVINGS BANK.

609 F ST., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

CAPITAL \$50,000

HON. J. B. LYNCH, PRESIDENT

DR. J. R. WILDER, VICE-PRES.

L. C. BAILEY, TREASURER

PROF. JAMES STORUM, SEC.

DOUGLASS B. MCCABY, CASHIER

DIRECTORS:

Jno. R. Lynch, L. C. Bailey

W. McMillan, W. S. Lott

J. R. Wilder, J. A. Pier

Wyat Archer, Jno. A. Pier

J. A. Lewis, A. W. Tate

H. E. Baker, J. H. Meriwether

W. S. Montgomery, J. A. Johnson

James Storum.

Deposits received from 10 cent apw. rd. Interest allowed on \$5.00 and above.

Treasurers of churches, associations, and other organizations can deposit funds with this Bank and receive interest. The money is subject to check without notice.

We shall be glad to have you open accounts with this Bank. OPEN FROM 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

A HORSE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

He Eats and Sleeps Under the Roof That Shelters the President.

A horse has his home in the White House. This is a literal fact which visitors never discover and which few Washington people know. The horse which shares the Executive Mansion with the President isn't a thoroughbred. He has neither pedigree nor record. He is just a plain, every-day horse, with a white star in his forehead, a faithful companion to Edgar R. Beckley.

And who is Edgar R. Beckley? The man who, for twenty-five years, has carried to and from the White House all of the interesting and valuable mail received and sent, and who has never been found remiss in his duty, says the Globe-Democrat. There are men who seem bound to become monuments of fidelity to routine trusts. Beckley is one of them. Rain or shine, in all seasons, he makes the hourly trips between the White House and the city Post-Office. He is the White House mail-carrier. And the horse that has his home in the White House carries Beckley.

The part of the mansion set apart for the horse is one corner of the conservatory. A thin partition is all that separates the roomy stall from the orchids. There is just room enough for the stall and a temporary supply of feed, and the horse and cat sleeps under the same roof with the President of the United States.

His Slave Was a Princess.

"An African princess was owned before the war by a family in Scott County, Va.," said E. L. Dement to the corridor man at the Southern. She lived to a great age, and never lost sight of the fact that she was of royal blood. She was the daughter of one of the most powerful kings in Africa, and had wandered away with a retinue of servants when the party was captured by a slave-trader. Her fine physique caused her to bring a high price, and she could only be trained to work by teaching the other slaves to do deference to her, which they readily did, realizing instinctively that she was born to command. A grown woman when captured, she had lived with the same family for over seventy years at the time her freedom was declared, and she continued to reside on the plantation in a cabin set apart for her eighteen or twenty years after the war closed, making her considerably over a hundred years of age. She was known almost throughout the State as the African princess, and in her later years she was a sort of queen over the negroes in the region where she lived, being waited on in her little cabin by a royal retinue of servants whenever she wanted them to do her bidding."—St. Louis Exchange.

All He Wanted.

"What do you want?" she asked of the tramp who had made his way around to the kitchen door.

"Nothin' much, ma'am," he replied, with a politeness that awakened her suspicion.

"Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money."

"No, ma'am, I don't want no money."

"Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't done yet."

"I don't even ask for none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jes' dry bread."

She was touched.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here, I'll give you a piece of pie, anyhow."

"No'm, I'druther hev the dry bread."

"Do you like it?"

"No, but yer see me an' the rest of the boys hez hustled aroun' till we've got a turkey, an' some celery, an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum pudding, an' all we want now is jes' the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."

Quite Right.

A funny incident, accompanied by a witty retort, was enjoyed the other day as the crowd was surging out of one of the Indianapolis theaters. In front of a party of gentlemen was a man with his coat collar turned up about his ears. "Why, there is B—," said one of the party. "He doesn't seem to see us; I guess I'll wake him up." At the same time, and without stopping to think, he stepped forward and hit the bundled-up individual a terrific slap on the back. The man turned around as he received the blow and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the hilarious gentlemen the face of a total stranger. He hesitated a moment before the calm and inquiring gaze of the man who had just been stepping forward, said: "I beg your pardon, sir; but, to tell the truth, I took you for another man."

"I am," was the quiet reply.

The Impossible.

The prisoner at the bar had won the favor of the Chicago Judge, and that dispenser of justice wanted to help him.

"You have restored the money you stole," he said, "and now, if I let you off, what will you do?"

"I'll lead an honest life, your Honor; indeed, I will," pleaded the prisoner.

"Where will you go?"

"I'll stay right here in Chicago, your Honor, where I was born and raised."

The Judge shook his head.

"I guess you'll find it easier at the workhouse," he said, coldly. "Six months."—Detroit Free Press.

His Advantage.

They had been classmates and roommates at a fashionable female college, and had often discussed the future, or matrimony, which is much the same thing, over a box of bonbons when they were supposed to be in bed. And now Gertrude was about to become a wife and Gertrude had just been let into the secret.

"But," said Gertrude, with an air of deep disappointment, "he seems to be as far as possible from your ideal."

"Yes, that's just the point," replied Valeria, speaking of one whose mind is at rest; "he won't be constantly reminding me of it, don't you see?"

A Biblical Note.

St. Peter—There seems to be a strange bond of sympathy between Victor Hugo and Elijah.

Gabriel—No wonder. Both knew what it was to be translated—Vogue.

It Dies Out.

Maud—Is kissing before marriage proper?

Marie—It is not so proper before marriage as after, but it is a good deal more frequent.—New York

HE HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

Though He was Father of the Baby, He Did Not Count.

The father thought he should have something to say in regard to the name the child should bear, and when his wife proposed George Augustus he accepted the first part, but rejected the last—that is, tried to reject it.

"Make it George William," he said.

"William is a better name than Augustus, and then it will please Uncle Billy."

"Yes, and every one will call him Billy," she protested. "I don't like the name. Augustus is better."

"You won't make the change?"

"I don't see why I should."

"Very well," he said, as he started for his hat and coat; "I'm going to the office."

The next morning, as he was putting on his coat, he asked:

"How about that name?"

"By, we'll call him George Augustus," she returned in surprise.

"Good-day," he said, as he went out and slammed the door.

When he came home that night he asked:

"Is it still Gussie?"

"Augustus," she corrected.

After supper he remarked, sneeringly:

"Gussie! Gussie! That's a nice kind of a name, isn't it?"

"Augustus is a very nice name," she replied, calmly.

Before going to church for the baptism the following morning he asked, sarcastically:

"Do you still stick to Gussie?"

"George Augustus," she said, sweetly.

He shut himself in his room for a few minutes and wrote plainly on a sheet of paper, "George William."

Then he put it in a \$10 bill in an envelope and joined the baptismal party. Once at the church he slipped off to one side and handed the clergyman an envelope.

"Thank you for the fee," said the latter, "but I already have the name. Your wife gave it to me."

"I thought you might make a mistake in it," suggested the father.

"Oh, no. It is written very plainly, 'George Augustus.'"

The father sighed and gave up the struggle, but he is getting his revenge now by informing admiring friends in his wife's presence that the baby's name is "Gussie."

No Room to Explain.

The tramp with a new bag approached the man with money in his pocket.

"Please, sir," he said, "will you give Mahommose something to-day?"

"Who's Mahommose?" asked the gentleman, somewhat puzzled.

"It's Indian, sir, for Man-not-afraid-to-ask-for-a-dime."

"That's all right, but I never heard of Mahommose before."

The tramp assumed a look of amazement.

"What," he exclaimed, "never heard of Mahommose?"

"No, never did."

"Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln?"

"Lincoln? Lincoln?" queried the gentleman, catching a cue. "Who's he?"

The tramp ignored the question.

"Perhaps you've heard of Gen. Grant?"

"You've said I ever did."

"You've certainly heard of Washington?"

"Washington? Washington?" and the gentleman rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Let me see; what was his first name?"

"George, sir—George Washington."

"No, I never heard of him. Who was he?"

The tramp took a long look at his proposed benefactor.

"Well," he said, "he was a man who never done what you are doin' now in great shape, and the tramp had the gentleman in a hole he couldn't get out of without paying a dime and cutting short further explanation.—Detroit Free Press.

An Important Point.

"Oh, say, Mamie," exclaimed Maud, "you just ought to be Harry since he joined the National Guard. He looks perfectly lovely."

"He must!" rejoined Mamie, rapturously.

"I do so hope there won't be any war."

"It would be dreadful if Harry were to get killed."

"I wasn't thinking of that. Lots of people go to war without getting killed. But he'd be just certain to spoil his clothes."—Washington Star.

A Regular Thing.

The Hostess (apologetically at luncheon)—This being Friday, Mr. Castleton, we don't have as much as on other days.

Castleton—Neither do I, as a rule.

The Hostess—Why, do you fast on Friday because you think it right to do so?

Castleton (going)—Oh, no. Because I'm broke.—New York Herald.

Economy.

Wool-Hicks promised to give his wife ten cents for every ten he spent for cigars.

Wool-Hicks—How does it work?

Wool—First rate, whenever we meet he buys me a drink and I buy him a cigar.—Truth.

An Egotist.

Miss Gussie Riverside—I don't think I would ever marry a very handsome man. I'd be so jealous if my husband was an Apollo.

Dudely Ganesucker—Don't say that, Miss Gussie. You won't be of my last hope.—Texas Sittings.

Accounted for at Last.

First Urchin—What d'ye reckon's the reason Buff to Bill wears his hair so long?

Second Urchin—He wants to let them injuns of his know he ain't afraid of 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

A Fine Team.

Penelope—Don't you see the advantage?

Richley—No, I do not.

Penelope—Why, you know how to make money and I know how to spend it. What a team we'd make!—Life.

A Distinction.

"Do you enjoy going to school?" asked the youth's uncle.

"Yes, sir; I enjoy goin' all right. It's sittin' still in school after I get there that I don't like."—Washington Star.

TIME TO GO AHEAD.

Signs That Told an Observant Girl That She Was Betrothed.

They happened to meet in a State street store the other day and they had a conversation which sent one of them away with floods of light illuminating her soul. She was one of those girls who are adored by old ladies, and constantly invited to tea by them to meet bachelor sons, and who can count all the beaux they ever had on the fingers of one hand.

The other—well, she was different; she was one of those maddening creatures who are always mysteriously supplied with roses and bouquets and escorted to the theatre on first nights, in spite of the fact that all the other girls are agreed that "there is absolutely nothing in her." The latter young woman was meditating over some silks when the other greeted her.

"I suppose you are trying to decide between the old rose and the pale green," she said.

"Well, no," replied the other girl frankly. "You see, I am getting my wedding things, and I think I'll have both." Then she looked down to blush and looked up to see the effect of her words.

"Is it possible? I"—

"Yes, dear, and you can't imagine how nervous I am."

"Only hope you"—

"Will be happy? Of course I shall; why, I can always make him do just what I choose."

The other girl pursed up her lips and looked virtuous. "Oh, I shouldn't like that at all. The man I marry must be one that I can obey."

"Not at all, my dear. It is all very nice to talk that way to the men—they like it and it sounds pretty, besides doing no harm until you are really going to marry one of them, when you want your own way, just like any other sensible woman."

"Well, do tell me how he"— began the other girl dreamily.

"Proposed? Oh, but he hasn't done it yet."

"But I thought that you?"

"Were selecting a trousseau? So I am, goosie. You see it is just this way: He will call at 8 this evening, and by 9 at latest we will be formally engaged."

"But how do you know?" helplessly asked the other girl.

"Simply by precedent. When a man asks you in an anxious tone if you think a married man ought to give up his club you may know that his intentions are serious; and when he follows it up a few days later by asking you if you don't think a man has a right to smoke all over his own house it is high time to decide whether the wedding shall be at home or in church."

"My goodness!"

"Yes, but that wasn't what convinced me."

"Oh, do tell me about it."

"No, it was simply this: I met him on the street yesterday, and he was reading a paper so intently that he didn't even see me until I spoke. Then he blushed violently and in great confusion thrust his paper into his overcoat pocket. Well, he went home with me and—now you must never tell this as long as you live."

"I never, never will."

"Well, I was so curious to see what he had been reading that I followed him so, that I made an excuse to slyly cut into the hall where his coat was hanging and take the paper out of his pocket, and what do you think it was?"

"Oh, I can't imagine."

"It was a household paper, and the article that he had been reading was one which proved conclusively that two people could live a great deal more cheaply than one. Now, do you see why I am commencing to select my trousseau?" she asked triumphantly.

"Yes, I do," meekly replied the other girl.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Dr. Hale on the Crash of 1893.

In 1884 Dr. Edward Everett Hale's novel of "The Fortunes of Everett Hale" was first published. The novel runs to the end of the century, and, in the year 1900, Tom Poore, at Washington, reviews the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. He says in this review: "The shares rose again steadily for five years, when I sold again. The crash of 1893 came, and everybody supposed manufacturing was at an end. At the lowest depression I bought Stocking shares again. . . . When the company wound up two years ago (in 1898) the shares yielded \$8,000, and here it is." We reprint the passage from the novel, which is not so well known as it should be, for the benefit of investors in "the crash of 1893."—Boston Commonwealth.

Uncle Zeb's Suspicion.

"Uncle Zeb," said the magistrate, "this is the third time you have been arrested this month."

"Yes, sir."

"How do you explain it?"

"Well, sah, dar's a new p'leceman on our beat."

"Has that anything to do with the case?"

"I dunno, sah; on'y it su'ny hez seemed ter me dat he may be kinder usin' me ter practice on."

Yet He Meant Well.

The young clergyman had consented at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the bridewell Sunday morning and preach to the prisoners.

"My friends," said the embarrassed young man as he rose up and faced the assembled toughs and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."—Chicago Tribune.

CHAPTER IN PALMISTRY.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY MARK TWAIN.

Tells, in His New Novel, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," How a Master of the Art Revealed a Murder by the Lines of the Hand.

"But look here, Dave," said Tom, "you used to tell people's fortunes, too, when you took their finger marks. Why, he'll read your wrinkles as easy as a book, and not only tell you fifty or sixty things that's going to happen to you, but fifty or sixty thousand that ain't. Come, Dave, show the gentleman what an inspired Jack-at-all-science we've got in this town, and don't know it."

Wilson winced under this nagging and not very courteous chaff, and the twins suffered with him and for him. They rightly judged, now, that the best way to relieve him, would be to take the thing in earnest and treat it with respect, ignoring Tom's rather overdone raillery; so Luigi said—

"We have seen something of palmistry in our wanderings, and know very well what astonishing things it can do. If it isn't a science, and one of the greatest of them, too, I don't know what its other name ought to be. In the Orient—"

"Tom looked surprised and incredulous. He said:

"That juggling a science? But really, you ain't serious, are you?"

"Yes, entirely so. Four years ago we had our hands read out to us as if our palms had been covered with print."

"Well, do you mean to say there was actually anything in it?" asked Tom, his incredulity beginning to weaken a little.

"There was this much in it," said Angelo; "what was told us of our character was minutely exact—we could not have bettered it ourselves. Next, two or three memorable things that had happened to us were laid bare—things which no one present but ourselves could have known about."

"I haven't examined half a dozen hands in the last half dozen years; you see, the people got to joking about it, and I stopped to let the talk die down. I'll tell you what we'll do, Count Luigi; I'll make a try at your past, and if I have any success there—no, on the whole, I'll let the future alone; that's really the affair of an expert."

He took Luigi's hand. Tom said:

"Wait—don't look yet, Dave! Count Luigi, here's paper and pencil. Set down that thing that you said was the most striking one that was foretold to you, and happened less than a year afterward, and give it to me so I can see if Dave finds it in your hand."

Luigi wrote a line privately, and folded up the piece of paper, and handed it to Tom, saying:

"I'll tell you when to look at it, if he finds it."

Wilson began to study Luigi's palm, tracing life lines, heart lines, head lines, and so on, and noting carefully their relations with the cobweb of finer and more delicate marks and lines that enmeshed them on all sides; he felt of the fleshy cushion at the base of the thumb, and noted its shape; he felt of the fleshy side of the hand between the wrist and the base of the little finger, and noted its shape also; he painstakingly examined the fingers, observing their form, proportions, and natural manner of disposing themselves when in repose. All this process was watched by the three spectators with absorbing interest, their heads bent together over Luigi's palm, and nobody disturbing the stillness with a word. Wilson now entered upon a close survey of the palm again, and his revelations began.

He mapped out Luigi's character and disposition, and commenced, avers, proclivities, ambitions, and eccentricities in a way which sometimes made Luigi wince and the others laugh, but both twins declared that the chart was artistically drawn and was correct.

Next, Wilson took up Luigi's history. He proceeded cautiously, and with hesitation, now, moving his finger slowly along the great lines of the palm, and now and then halting it at a "star" or some such landmark, and examining that neighborhood minutely. He pronounced the past events, Luigi confirmed his correctness, and the search went on. Presently Wilson glanced up with a surprised expression:

"Here is record of an incident which you would perhaps not wish me to—"

"Bring it out," said Luigi, good-naturedly; "I promise you it shan't embarrass me."

But Wilson still hesitated, and did not seem quite to know what to do. Then he said:

"I think it is too delicate a matter to—I believe I would rather, were it to whisper it to you, and let you decide for yourself whether you want it talked out or not."

"That will answer," said Luigi; "write it."

Wilson wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to Luigi, who read it to himself and said to Tom:

"Unfold your slip and read it, Mr. Driscoll."

Tom read:

"It was prophesied that I would kill a man. It came true before the year was out."

Tom added, "Great Scott!"

Luigi handed Wilson's paper to Tom, and said:

"Now read this."

Tom read:

"You have killed some one, but whether man, woman or child, I do not make out."

"Caesar's ghost!" commented Tom, with astonishment. "It beats anything that was ever heard of! Why, a man's own hand is his deadliest enemy! Just think of that—a man's own hand keeps a record of the deepest and fatal secrets of his life, and is treacherously ready to expose him to any black-magic stranger that comes along. But what do you let a person look at your hand for, with that awful thing printed in it?"

"Oh," said Luigi, reproachfully, "I don't mind it. I killed the man for good reasons, and I don't regret it."

"What were the reasons?"

"Well, he needed killing."

"I'll tell you why he did it, since he won't say himself," said Angelo, warmly. "He did it to save my life, that's what he did it for. So it was a noble act, and not a thing to be hid in the dark."—Century.

HE FOUGHT WITH POE.

Congressman English's Quarrel With the Author of "The Raven."

One of the oldest men in the House of Representatives is Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who represents the sixth (or Essex county) district of New Jersey, and who will be 75 years of age June 29, 1894. Long before he ever dreamed of becoming Congressman English, the gentleman from New Jersey acquired distinction as the author of "Ben Bolt." In addition to his fame as a poet Mr. English enjoyed the notoriety of having been, at one time the chosen friend and boon companion of Edgar Allan Poe, author of "The Raven" and other poems. How this friendship terminated can best be described in the language of Mr. English.

"Up to 1845," said the New Jersey statesman, "Poe and myself were well nigh inseparable, both at Philadelphia and New York, where we afterward removed. While in the latter city Poe became involved in a controversy with a brother of Mrs. Ellet, a noted novelist half a century ago, relative to certain letters which Poe declared the lady had written to him. The dispute became very animated, and one day while I was discussing certain matters with a caller Poe burst into the room where we were talking and demanded the loan of my pistol. When I asked him what he wanted it for his reply was that he intended to shoot the brother of the woman whom he had calumniated. This was my opportunity and I did not neglect it. In the plainest language possible I told Poe that he was acting the part of a blackguard, and slandering and endeavoring to compromise an honest woman, and he knew it. Besides," said I, "you know, Poe, that you have no letters from Mrs. Ellet as well as I do."

"Blurring out that he did not propose to be talked to in such a manner before a stranger, Poe reiterated that he had very damaging letters from the lady in question. Then, in heaven's name, why don't you produce them?" was my query. This did not seem to be at all pleasant to the author of "The Raven," and he volunteered the information that I was poking my nose into his business too much. One word led to another, and from words we came to blows, my right fist ornamenting Poe's right eye in the most approved fashion. A series of punches followed, and before the scrimmage ended I had forced my unwelcome visitor down to the floor, and, taking him by both ears, and sides of his face, I proceeded to ram his face vigorously against the floor of my apartment. This encounter stirred up all the malice in Poe's nature, and when his disgraced countenance was commented upon a few minutes later he evaded an explanation by saying that he had run against a working-man who was carelessly carrying a piece of lumber on his shoulder. Ever afterward he could not say this too mean about me, and this distasteful incident all friendly relations between us up to the day of his death."—New York Tribune.

The Nerve of a Porch-Climber.
"I think one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve on the part of a burglar was shown by one who was captured in Philadelphia not very long ago," said J. H. Ivers to a St. Louis reporter. "The fellow was what is known as a 'porch-climber,' and one evening about eight o'clock he gained access to the sleeping apartments of a house in one of the best portions of the city. While he was thus engaged, the owner of the house, who was coming up the stairs, and not having time to escape he sought safety under the bed. The door opened, and the lady of the house entered, and, after busying herself about the room for a few minutes, picked up a book and commenced to read. The burglar, under which the fellow was concealed was a very low one, and his cramped position was anything but comfortable. He did not dare to move for fear of betraying himself, but kept hoping she would leave the room for some reason or other and give him a chance to escape."

"She stayed on, however, and about ten o'clock was joined by her husband. After a few minutes' conversation they retired to the very bed under which the burglar lay concealed. In trying to shift his position a little the fellow uttered the brief, slight noise, which immediately alarmed the woman. Calling her husband, she said: 'Tom, there is some one under the bed.' 'Nonsense,' he said; 'you are dreaming.' 'I tell you I heard some one,' he replied. 'It is only the dog,' he said. 'Here, I will prove it to you,' and with that he threw his arm over the edge and, snapping his fingers, called as he would to a dog. The fellow under the bed took in the situation in an instant, and realizing that he must act promptly, actually reached out and laid his hand on the hand hung and licked the fingers with his tongue, as the dog might do. The act was performed so naturally that the man in bed was completely deceived, and, after saying to his wife, 'I told you so,' and telling her to go to sleep, he turned over and was soon lost in slumber. After waiting until he was convinced they were sound asleep, the burglar crawled out from under the bed, and, taking everything of value he could find in the room, made his escape."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Belgian Marriage Certificates.
In Belgium it is the custom to give certificates of marriages in the form of little books with paper covers. These books, which are often produced in course of law proceedings, and are taken in evidence, are apt to become dirty and dog-eared. The burghmaster of Brussels has, therefore, hit upon a new plan. Henceforth a charge will be made for the books, which will be neatly bound in Morocco and gilt-edged. They will be something more than a mere certificate. A summary of Belgian law on the married state is given in them for the use of young couples, and among a mass of other miscellaneous information are directions for the feeding and care of infants. There are also places for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage, the authorities considerably affording space for twelve such entries. To poor persons the books will be issued free of charge. One of the town councilors was in favor of adding directions for obtaining a divorce, but it is needless to say his suggestion was not adopted.

MEXICAN CAVES AND MUMMIES.

Underground Homes of a Former Civilization in Chihuahua.

Moses Thatcher, the millionaire apostle and financier of the Mormon church, whose home is in Logan, Utah, is residing for a time at 220 Van Ness avenue. Mr. Thatcher has been an apostle of the Mormon church since 1879, and his life work has been devoted to the building up of the kingdom of the latter days. He has spent many years in exploring the wilds and beauty lands of Mexico.

In the State of Chihuahua the Sierra Madre Mountains, Mr. Thatcher states, held for him the greatest attractions. West of the Casas Grandes Valley, through which flows the Piedras Verdes, a lovely river which connects with the San Miguel in the upper part of the valley and forms the Casas Grandes River, there is an exceedingly fertile expanse of country. It is interspersed with mountains of moderate size, a branch of the Sierra Madre range, and not far from where the celebrated Sabinal mines are located on the Corralitos ranch, one of the richest regions, pregnant with gold and silver ore, awaiting the advent of the prospector and the iron horse.

"Many places I passed through," said the apostle, "strongly reminded me of the placer ground in the Sierra Nevada mountains, at the head of the American River. The great similarity of the soil is most pronounced, and all the indications are almost identical."

"The Mormon colony was the first to settle in the Sierra Madre range in this region. They camped right on the trail of the dreaded Apaches, and named one of their settlements Pacheco, after the noted General, who was Secretary of War. The Mexicans were astounded at the boldness of these pioneers, and considered annihilation inevitable."

"In a radius of 100 miles there is enough masonry to build two cities the size of San Francisco, and this tells the tale of a great civilization that once flourished there. I purchased a sitio, or a little over 4,000 acres of land, some time ago, and subsequently bought up an adjoining tract of 48,000 acres. On part of this land I discovered about half a dozen caves, the entrances were walled up with cement two and one-half feet thick, with only postholes and a narrow aperture left sufficiently wide to allow one person to enter. These caves were provided with ovens, in which water and provisions were stored, and were formed of long sacaton grass, mixed with cement, and were usually about twelve feet high and eight or nine feet in width. One was in perfect preservation."

"The caves were divided into apartments, and one of them contained seventeen rooms. Upon the walls are still fresh characters and writings of the ancient inhabitants of the same class as described in the 'Mexican Antiquities' by Lord Kingsbury. The caves on the land referred to will accommodate fully 1,000 persons, and a celebrated Belgian scientist not long ago found more relics in them than he could carry off in a single day elsewhere."—San Francisco Examiner.

Theologic Literature of the Day.

Harold Frederic says, in the New York Times, that the thirty-ninth volume of Spurgeon's sermons has just been issued. The complete edition will consist of fifty-two volumes. The sale has been enormous, the demand increasing tremendously since Spurgeon's death. The aggregate sales, for all the volumes added together, is put at the incredible figure of 70,000,000, and it is said that the single sermon in "Pastoral Regeneration" has sold 224,000! When one also considers the apparently great sale in this country of the various editions of the sermons and addresses of Phillips Brooks, it becomes apparent that theology and religion are no longer utterly dependent on the popularity of the pulpit. No preacher lived to preach to such a multitude as Spurgeon is reported now to be addressing from the grave. And the same printing press that carries the words of these modern preachers to all corners of the world, and which must carry them to the ears of those unborn when Spurgeon and Brooks were preaching, carries too the Sermon on the Mount to countless millions, through countless years; and the epistles of Paul become "open letters" to the world.

It used to be popular, about the time that "Belshazzar's Feast" was published, to talk of the coming days when a man would not have to go to church to hear a sermon, when he would be able to sit at home with his feet on the fender, while the telephone drummed dogma into his ears. That time may come, indeed; but already the day has dawned when a man can sit in his library and have his soul filled and his spirit expanded with noble words and high truth, and the eloquence of the world's greatest preachers; when he need not wait until Sunday for his spiritual refreshment; when he can get the message that he needs; and when, though he be poor in the world's goods, he yet may have at his command a chaplain who will speak to him in such words as it is given to few persons to speak or write.

When we talk about the waning power of the church, of the lessened attendance, and of the decreasing influence of the preacher, it should be remembered that the church has now a new power, which no man can measure, and which is the same that in past years has proved very nearly the greatest power in the world.—Post-Express.

One of the Barber's Secrets.

One of the well-known barbers of the city remarked the other day to an Indianapolis Journal man, while rapidly going over a customer's face with a keen-edged razor, that few people gave a thought as to how easy it seemed to cut a face during the operation of shaving, and yet how comparatively difficult it was to get the razor to cut where the face was kept wet. The danger of cutting was reduced to a minimum, as the razor would slide along in the hands of the average barber, and do its work all right. If, however, the face was somewhat dry, the chances of slashing a man were increased vastly. The secret of immunity from unpleasant accidents of this sort is, therefore, to use plenty of lather and plenty of water in going over the face. A "dry shave" is a dangerous undertaking.

WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

Evidence That the Mind Reasons to the Cause Rather Than From It.

"Did it ever occur to you that when we dream our minds operate backward?" said a scientific man recently. "I mean by this that the cause which gives the impression to the sleeper's mind that makes him begin to dream is always the climax of the vision. We can find many examples that will sustain this theory. Take, for instance, a man who falls out of bed. He dreams, perhaps, that he has fallen from a precipice. The cause of this dream is the shock he receives by coming in contact with the floor. Between the time he receives the fall and the moment he awakes—in this short period, almost infinitesimal—his mind follows out the impression received by the fall, reasoning to it as a climax. Thus, when he comes to his senses he remembers having had the vision and wonders why he should have fallen out of bed just at the moment he should have reached the bottom of the abyss. It would be folly to think that he had been dreaming of falling and then suited his actions to the dream by doing so exactly that moment. I have had dreams in which explosions occurred, and they were caused by the noise of a door being slammed. The noise gave my mind the impression of an explosion, and so I reasoned to it. The details have been so perfect and the series of incidents leading up to the explosion have seemed to take up such a great length of time that I have often wondered at the rapidity of thought while in sleep. In a moment incidents can be reviewed which it would take hours to act out. I know of a friend who fell asleep while looking at a clock one afternoon and began a trip to New York in a dream. He remembered vividly the ride from his house to the depot; how he was stopped by a friend who questioned him about important business; how he got on the train after having an altercation with the baggage man in regard to charging for overweight, all of which compelled him to run to catch a train; how he sat in the parlor car and enjoyed the scenery, remembering all the stations until he arrived at Greensburg, where a friend asked him to join in a game of poker; how he played each hand, the pleasant recollection of several times holding four aces being plainly in his mind; how he continued playing without interruption except for dinner until he arrived at Philadelphia, when he counted over some 100 winnings. Then he remembered having met a friend while eating in Broad street station who talked upon a leading topic in politics; then he got on the train, and began reading a magazine which he had purchased at the news stand, finally arriving at Jersey City. He had just got on the ferry-boat when his wife came in and woke him. He rubbed his eyes, and, thinking he had been asleep for some time he looked at the clock, when he found that but three minutes had elapsed since he fell asleep. In these three minutes he had lived a journey of nearly 100 miles, everything as vividly as real. I tell this just to show the wonderful activity of the brain of a sleeping person and in support of my theory that in a dream the mind reasons to a cause rather than from it."—St. Louis Republic.

The Dwarfs of Maya Fable.
When questioned about the old ruined cities, they reply, "The dwarfs built them," and insist that the pixan ruins of those ancient ways walk about at night, coming into their houses, though the doors be shut. In the daytime they are supposed to dwell among the ruins. The reputation of the alux (dwarfs) is not much better than that enjoyed by the "little people" of Ireland and Scotland, accused of stealing butter, cooking milk, and changing pretty babies for ugly little creatures with wrinkled faces. The alux are said to disturb tired laborers by shaking their hammocks, lash those who slumber too heavily, throw stones and whistle. They terrify all who look at them, and steal food for, though not taller than a child four years old, they can eat more than any man does. Their only article of apparel is a very wide brimmed straw hat.

Belief in these dwarfish apparitions is perhaps induced by a vague knowledge that several centuries ago a race of remarkably small people did live in those parts. Edifices built by them are found on the east coast of Yucatan and on adjacent islands. There are several temples only nine feet high and eighteen inches wide. In some of these houses domestic utensils have been found very small. Any traveler may examine the strange little houses; and doubtless the belief in the phantom alux is an outgrowth of tradition concerning the dwarfish people who constructed them.—Mrs. A. D. Le Plongeon in the Popular Science Monthly.

What Causes Thunder?
The generally accepted theory of the cause of thunder never satisfied me," said a well-known physician. "It seems to me that, instead of being caused by the vacuum produced by the electric bolt going through the atmosphere, it would be more plausible to attribute it to reverse of contraction—to expansion. I mean that the facts attending the phenomenon of thunder are such as to warrant my putting forth the theory that the cause of it is the explosion of the oxygen produced by the action of the electricity upon the air. One of the arguments in favor of this theory is the great amount of ozone to be found in the atmosphere after a thunder storm. Then, if it was concussion of the air, rushing into the vacuum that caused the noise, heat would be produced, whereas after every peal of thunder you will notice a sheet of rain falls, showing that instead of heat being produced, the atmosphere must get colder to produce the great condensation. I can not conceive how electricity passing through the atmosphere could create a vacuum great enough to make a noise like thunder. This theory came to me many years ago, before electricity was so generally used. Now, the fact of being able to transmit electricity through a solid iron without even heating it seems to justify my theory regarding the formation of a vacuum."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CHEAP

BEE PRINTING



At the "BEE" Office,

1109 I Street, N. W., near 11

where you can get

DODGERS,

TICKETS,

PROGRAMMES,

CIRCULARS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

VISITING CARDS,

RECEPTION CARDS,

WEDDING INVITATIONS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTEHEADS,

STATEMENTS,

CONSTITUTIONS,

BY,

DRAFT BOOKS,

CHECK BOOKS, ETC.

AT THE LOWEST CASH

PRICES.

Liberal Discount to Clubs and

Reverend Societies, Social Clubs,

City Organizations and Labor

Trade Unions.

ALL WORK READY WHEN

PROMISED.

We have purchased a complete set

of N. W. Type with the most

proved modern style, enabling

to execute our work with satis-

faction to all.

We invite you to call and

select our office, or to have our

printing done.

BEE PRINTING CO.

1109 I Street, N. W., near 11

where you can get

DODGERS,

TICKETS,

PROGRAMMES,

CIRCULARS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

VISITING CARDS,

RECEPTION CARDS,

WEDDING INVITATIONS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTEHEADS,

STATEMENTS,

CONSTITUTIONS,

BY,

DRAFT BOOKS,

CHECK BOOKS, ETC.

AT THE LOWEST CASH

PRICES.

Liberal Discount to Clubs and

Reverend Societies, Social Clubs,

City Organizations and Labor

Trade Unions.

ALL WORK READY WHEN

PROMISED.

We have purchased a complete set

of N. W. Type with the most

proved modern style, enabling

to execute our work with satis-

faction to all.

We invite you to call and

select our office, or to have our

printing done.

BEE PRINTING CO.

1109 I Street, N. W., near 11

where you can get

DODGERS,

TICKETS,

PROGRAMMES,

CIRCULARS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

VISITING CARDS,

RECEPTION CARDS,

WEDDING INVITATIONS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTEHEADS,

STATEMENTS,

CONSTITUTIONS,

BY,

DRAFT BOOKS,

CHECK BOOKS, ETC.

AT THE LOWEST CASH

PRICES.

Liberal Discount to Clubs and

Reverend Societies, Social Clubs,

City Organizations and Labor

Trade Unions.

ALL WORK READY WHEN

PROMISED.

We have purchased a complete set

of N. W. Type with the most

proved modern style, enabling

to execute our work with satis-

faction to all.

We invite you to call and

select our office, or to have our

printing done.

BEE PRINTING CO.

1109 I Street, N. W., near 11

where you can get

DODGERS,

TICKETS,

PROGRAMMES,

CIRCULARS,